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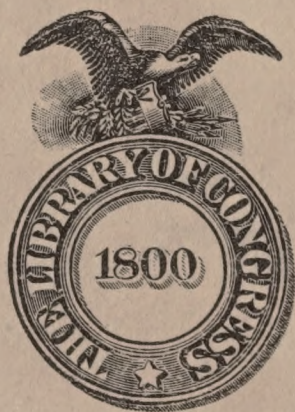
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M. E. Tinsall  
from the  
THE  
1849

LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT.

~~~~~  
A GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

~~~~~  
Philadelphia.

HENRY F. ANNERS.

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## THE SAGE AND LINNET.

A wise old man, one summer's day,  
 Was walking in a lonely wood,  
 And there, upon a leafless spray,  
 A linnet sang in solitude.

The old man spake, "Come, pretty thing,  
 Pray tell me why you nestle here?  
 And why so gaily do you sing,  
 When all around is dark and drear?"

“ Why spurn the meadow and the field,  
Where blushing flowers invite thy stay,  
And many a raptured bird would yield  
Its willing praises to thy lay ?”

The linnet answered, “ Hath a sage  
Come here to learn of me the truth ?  
And must I tell to hoary age  
A lesson fit for blooming youth ?

“ Of all the gifts that heaven doth mete  
In mercy to its creatures dear,  
There's none to me so pure, so sweet,  
As peace ; and, sage, I find it here ?

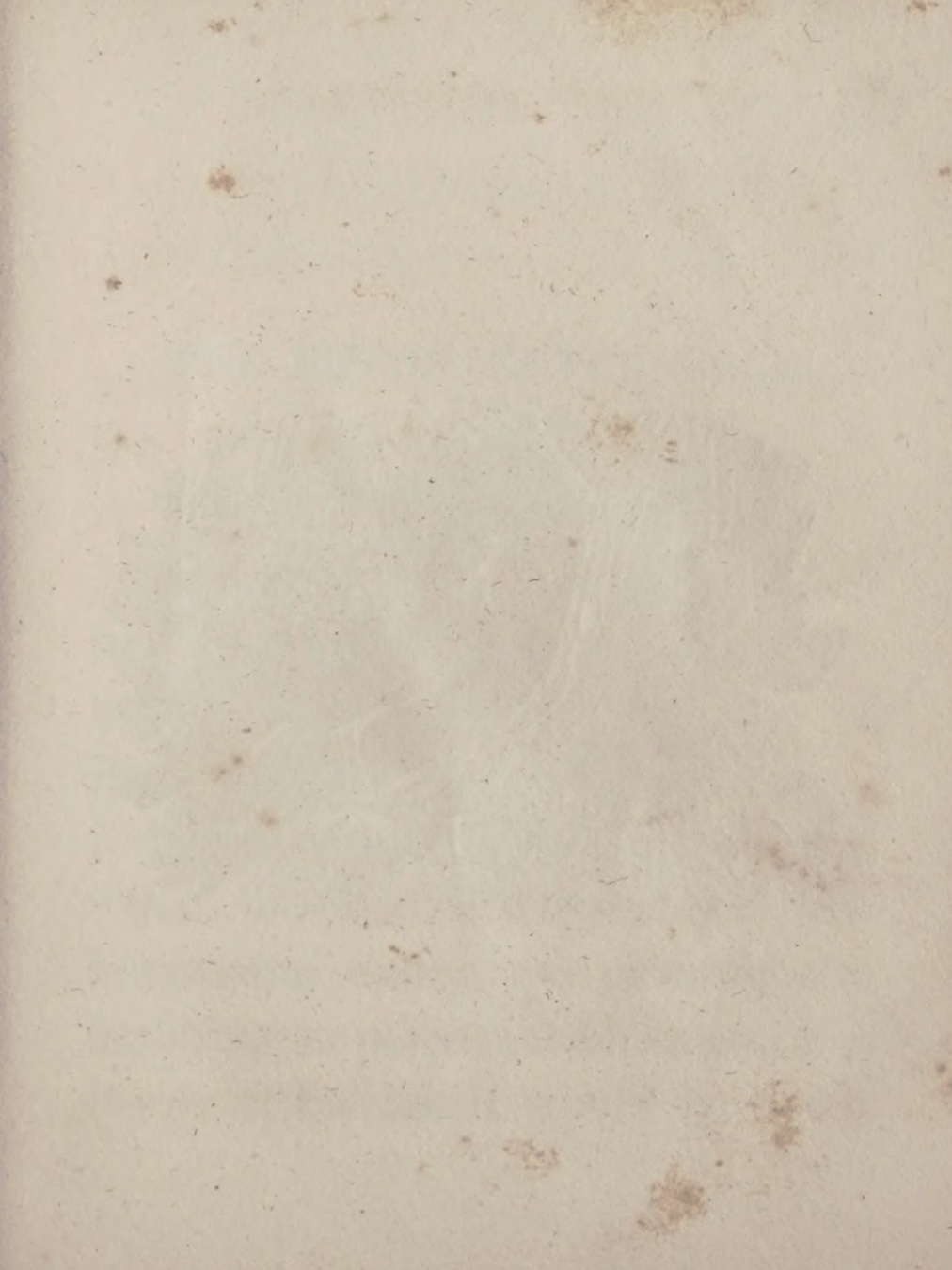


“ ’Mid garnished fields, and meadows gay,  
There’s many a falcon, many a snare ;  
I shun them all ; and, far away,  
Poor, yet content, my lot I share.

“ The listening of my gentle mate  
Repay me for my happiest song,  
And oft from dawn to evening late  
I sing, nor find the hours too long.

“ Yon rippling stream my cup supplies  
The wild flowers yield for me their seed ;  
This bowering fir, from winter skies  
Is all the shelter that I need.

“ Then do not scorn my humble lot,  
Nor deem that wealth alone is bliss,  
For peace within the humblest cot,  
With calm content, is happiness.”







## THE DISCONTENTED MOLE.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG mole having crept out into the sun, one day, met with its mother, and began to complain of its lot.

“I have been thinking,” said he, “that we lead a very stupid life, burrowing under the ground, and dwelling in perpetual darkness. For my part, I think it would be much



better to live above board, and caper about in the sun-light, like the squirrels."

"It may seem so to you," said the wise old mole, "but beware of forming hasty opinions. It is an old remark, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Some creatures live upon the trees, but nature has provided them with claws, which make it easy and safe for them to climb. Some dwell in the water; but they are supplied with fins, which render it easy for them to move about, and with a



contrivance by means of which they breathe where other creatures would be drowned. Some creatures glide through the air, but they are endowed with wings, without which it would be vain to attempt to fly. The truth is, that every individual is made to fill some place in the scale of being, and he best seeks his own happiness in following the path which his Creator has marked out for him. We may wisely seek to better our condition by making that path as pleasant as possible, but not attempt to pursue one which we are

unfitted to follow. You will best consult your interest by endeavouring to enjoy all that properly belongs to a mole, instead of striving to swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, or fly like a bird. Content is the great blessing of life. You may enjoy this in the quiet security of your sheltered abode ; the proudest tenant of the earth, air, or sea, can do no more."

The young mole replied ; " This may seem very wise to you, but it sounds like nonsense to me. I am determined to burrow in the earth



no more, but to dash out in style like other gay people.” So saying, he crept upon a little mound for the purpose of looking about and seeing what course of pleasure he should adopt. While in this situation, he was snapped up by a hawk, which carried him to a tall tree, and devoured him without ceremony.

This fable may teach us the folly of that species of discontent which would lead us to grasp at pleasures beyond our reach, or indulge envy towards those who are in the possession of more wealth than we.



We should endeavour to fulfil the duties of that station in which we are placed, and not grumble that some other lot is not assigned to us. We may lawfully seek to better our condition, but this should be done rather by excelling in that profession which we have chosen, than by endeavouring to shine in one for which we are unfitted.

## THE DAINTY HERON.

Two little girls once went out into a field to gather flowers. Here they found buttercups, dandelions, violets, and many other pretty blossoms. One of the children was pleased with every thing, and began to pluck such flowers as she met with.

In a little while this girl had collected quite a bunch of flowers, and though some of them were not very



pretty, yet all together, they made a beautiful boquet.

The other child was more dainty, and determined to have no flowers but such as were very beautiful. She disdained to gather the dandelions, for they were so common ; and she would not have the buttercups, for they were all of one colour, and did not take her fancy. Even the blue violets were not good enough for her.

Thus the little pair wandered on through the field till they were about to return home. By this



time the dainty child, seeing that her sister had a fine collection of flowers, while she had none, began to think it best to take such as she could get. But now the flowers were scarce ; not even a dandelion, a buttercup, or a violet, was to be found. At length, the little girl begged a single dandelion of her sister, and thus they returned home.

When the two children went to their mother, she asked how it happened that one had so pretty a bouquet while the other had but a single flower. The children told their

story, and their mother then spoke to them as follows :—

“My dear children, let this little event teach you a useful lesson. Jane has been the wiser of the two. Content with such flowers as came in her way, and not aiming at what was beyond her reach, she has been successful in her pursuit, and has brought back a beautiful bunch of posies. But Laura, who could not stoop to pick up buttercups and dandelions, because she wanted something more beautiful than could be found, collected nothing from the



field, and was finally obliged to beg a dandelion of her sister.

“Thus it will always happen, my children, in passing through life. If you are content with simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, such as are scattered freely along your path, you will, day by day, gather enough to make you contented and happy. If, on the contrary, you scorn simple pleasures, and innocent enjoyments, and reach after those which are more rare and difficult to be obtained, you will meet with frequent disappointment,



and at last become dependent upon others.

“To impress all this on your minds, let me tell you the fable of the dainty heron. This long-legged bird was once standing on the edge of a brook, the waters of which were so clear that he could see every thing that was swimming by. Soon a fine trout swam past, but the heron thought that he would wait for something better. Then came a perch, but this was not good enough. Then other fishes passed by, but still the dainty bird could see nothing

that suited his palate. So he kept standing by the brook, until at length all the fishes were gone.

“The heron now grew very hungry, and would have been glad to take any one of the fishes he had seen. Finally, as the evening was drawing nigh, he was obliged to make a poor supper upon a snail which he found in the grass.”



## THE STOLEN CHILD.

LITTLE EDWARD was an only son, and as he was of a very sweet disposition, he was a universal favorite. His open and cheerful countenance, lit up as it was by a pair of the most smiling blue eyes, gained him the favour of almost every one with whom he happened to come into contact.

With grandpapa he was a special pet ; and as the old gentleman was



very fond of music, and performed delightfully on the violin, he frequently amused himself by playing some lively tunes to Edward while nurse taught him to dance. It was thus that he took his first steps in this accomplishment. When he grew old enough to be able to walk about with grandpapa without any one to attend him, the two were almost inseparable companions, and daily rambled in the fields in the neighbourhood of their residence.

One day grandpapa proposed that they should go to a wood some miles

off to gather nuts which grew there in great abundance. Edward was delighted. Mounted on a little pony (it was too far for him to walk,) he trotted gaily along by the side of grandpapa. The day was most charming. The sun shone brilliantly, and all nature seemed clothed in smiles. Edward was equally smiling and happy; now chatting to grandpapa with even more than his usual volubility; now stooping down and patting his pony, and lavishing on it all imaginable terms of endearment.



They at length arrived at the skirts of the wood, and after giving the pony in charge to the owner of a little cottage which stood on its confines, they walked on, and when they came to a fine shady spot at the foot of a rock, from which flowed a spring of the clearest water, they sat down and partook of the little lunch with which grandpapa had provided himself.

When they had finished their frugal repast, they proceeded on to a sunny bank, on which grandpapa knew the trees always bore a plenti-



ful crop of the finest nuts. As they passed along, Edward was delighted at the sight of several squirrels leaping about from bough to bough, tossing their long bushy tails, now and then stopping for an instant to gaze at the intruders in their solitude, and then perking their ears and darting off again so quickly that they seemed absolutely to fly.

“Can’t we catch one, grandpapa?” asked Edward. “I fear they are too nimble for us,” said grandpapa; “but we shall see. I have heard of their being caught, especially the

young ones, which cannot move about so rapidly as the old ones."

They had now arrived at one of the bleakest and most lonely parts of the forest. The trees grew close together, and their thick branches almost excluded the light of day. By and by, however, the forest became less gloomy, and an occasional sunbeam found its way among the straggling branches. Just as Edward began to breathe more freely, and feel glad that he had escaped from the lonely place, which he afterwards said seemed to him just



such a spot as that in which the cruel men abandoned the "Children in the Wood," he saw running along the ground at a short distance before them, a squirrel which apparently sought to conceal itself among the loose leaves which lay scattered about.

"See! grandpapa, see! can't we catch this one," he cried; and in an instant both started off in pursuit of the little creature. It seemed to move with less quickness than usual, so both pursued for some distance, when it leaped across a little rill,



and was on the point of escaping. On each side of the rill the ground was moist and boggy, it seemed therefore as if it would be necessary to give up the chase, but Edward was so anxious to secure it that grandpapa after telling him on no account to move from the place, managed to pick his steps across and continue the pursuit.

At first it appeared as if he would be successful. In attempting to leap from one branch of a tree to another, the squirrel fell to the ground and seemed to be stunned. But

before grandpapa could secure it, it recovered and again went off, slowly however, and evidently much fatigued. He therefore continued to follow, at every minute expecting to lay hold of the little animal, which seemed to want sufficient strength to mount among the higher branches, but kept moving from branch to branch almost within reach.

Almost as soon as grandpapa disappeared, Edward half afraid to remain alone, and feeling very desirous to secure the squirrel, began to search for some place where he



could cross the barrier which had obstructed his progress. He searched about, and as the rill seemed to enlarge and the ground to become more boggy as it proceeded, he ran as far as his little legs would carry him in an opposite direction. It was some time, however, before he found a place to cross, and when he did succeed in reaching the other side, instead of following the course of the water, he determined to take a short cut and reach the place where he thought grandpapa must be. He proceeded boldly for some

time, but seeing no trace of grand-papa, he turned back determined to return to the spot which he had left, and await his arrival there.

He had wandered so far, however, that he was quite bewildered, and instead of going to the place from which he had started, he went in quite a contrary direction, and without being aware of his mistake he proceeded some time. At length, thinking he ought by this time to have reached the rill, he stopped and looked about him. He could not see far, and the trees looked so



much alike that he could not tell the one from the other. Young as he was, however, Edward knew that it was of no use to stay where he was. He brushed away the tears which began to gather in his eyes, and again started off. He called aloud, but the sound of his voice died away among the trees, startling the squirrels and the wood-pigeons, but no answering call met his ear.

He still proceeded onward, every minute getting deeper into the forest, and farther away from the place where he ought to have re-

mained. He at length came to a part of the wood which was comparatively open, and was overjoyed to see at a little distance a light column of smoke curling up into the air. Tired though he was with his long ramble, the sight gave him fresh energy, and he ran forward expecting to find that it proceeded from the cottage where they had left their ponies in the morning; in this, however, he was mistaken. When he came within sight he found it was caused by the fire of a gipsy encampment.



Edward hesitated. He felt afraid to approach, and would almost have ventured to go back into the forest rather than to approach the gipsies' tents, when, just as he was on the point of escaping, he was accosted by one of the tribe. Edward told her how he had lost himself in the forest, and how anxious he was to find grandpapa. With many kind phrases the old woman desired him to come with her and she would soon find grandpapa for him.

In the mean time grandpapa, who had been led much further in his

pursuit of the squirrel than he intended, returned to the place where he left Edward, and not finding him, searched about for some time and called him by name, but receiving no answer, and seeing no trace of the boy, he at first thought that he had concealed himself, and giving up the search waited patiently expecting that he would make his appearance. When some time had elapsed, and finding that he did not return, he became very anxious, and after calling aloud retraced his steps to the cottage where the ponies



had been left. Finding that he was not there, grandpapa once more returned to the forest, accompanied by several persons, to search everywhere for the lost child.

Evening came, however, and all the messengers returned without being able to throw any light on the mysterious disappearance of the boy. Grandpapa remained in the forest all night, that he might be ready to resume the search in the morning. Edward's parents, alarmed by the inquiries of a messenger who had been despatched to see if he had not

found his way home, also arrived to assist in the search. It was all in vain. Every corner of the forest was searched, but no traces of him could be discovered. Recent traces of the gipsies were indeed noticed, but they were soon lost, and sorrowful and almost heart-broken they all returned home.

Edward and his gipsy friend proceeded towards the encampment and after a few minutes consultation with her companions, one of them went off pretending to seek for grandpapa, while Edward was in-



introduced into one of the tents, and regaled on the remains of the dinner which the gipsies appeared to have finished but a short time before. In the mean time, he could observe that the fire whose smoke had attracted his notice, was hastily extinguished, and several donkeys belonging to the tribe were gathered in from the forest. The messenger who had gone in search of grandpapa returned in about half an hour, saying that he had found him, and that he wished them to bring Edward to him.

The tents were immediately struck, and being hastily tied together, were placed on the backs of the donkeys. Little Edward was placed in one of the panniers, and they moved off. For some time they skirted the wood, proceeding noiselessly and stealthily on their way, and calming Edward's occasional inquiries by the assurance that they were but a very short distance from the place where they were to meet grandpapa. In a little time, however, they left the forest, and proceeded across a wild and desolate



part of the country. The shades of evening now approached, and anxious as Edward felt, tired with his unusual exertion, he fell fast asleep. Once or twice he awoke during the night, and he found himself still seated in the pannier, and the whole body still moving forward, and on his asking for grandpapa he was told by a rough voice to be quiet. In the morning they left the track which they had been following for some time, and striking off towards a little valley which opened between two lone hills at a short distance

they encamped, and after partaking of a hearty meal they lay down to rest.

Towards evening the gipsies again prepared to set out, and after travelling for two or three nights in this manner, thinking themselves out of all danger of discovery, they proceeded more openly. Poor little Edward was stripped of the clothes which he wore when he left home, and dressed in a ragged suit of such apparel as the wardrobe of the gipsies afforded. His face being unwashed soon became stained and



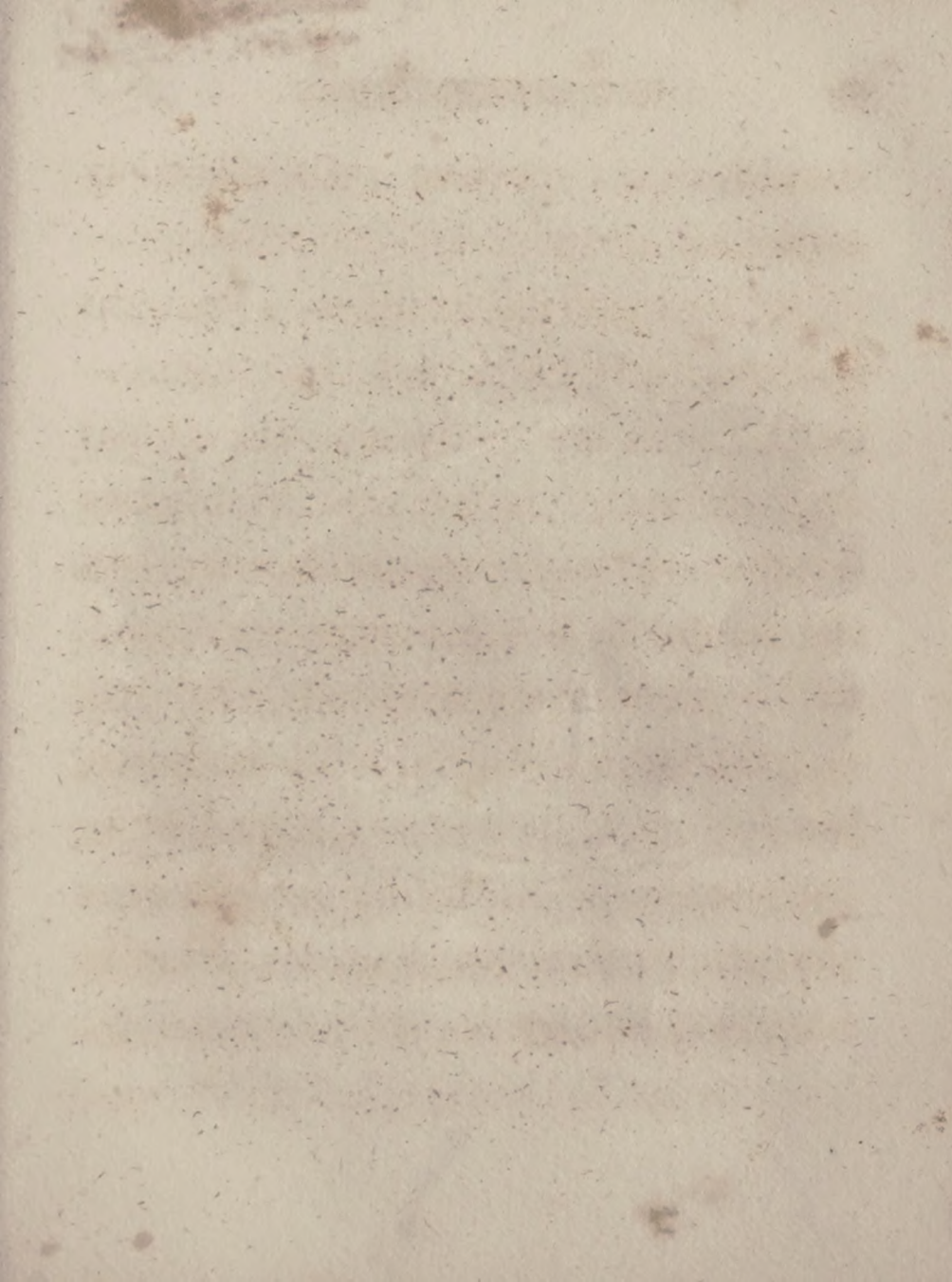
gipsy-looking, and he was sent out with some of the women on expeditions into the neighbouring towns—where, partly by stealing, and partly by selling small household articles which they manufactured, they contrived to gain a livelihood.

Although so young, Edward felt how very wrong were many of the practices of which he saw his companions guilty, and steadily refused to have any thing to do with them. He was forced to accompany the gipsies in these expeditions, but he

would on no account assist in their dishonest practices.

At length their evil deeds brought them under the power of the magistrates, and on its being discovered that Edward had been kidnapped by the gipsies, proper inquiry was made, and he was once more restored to his heart-broken friends, who had by this time given up all hopes of his recovery, never it is hoped to be the means of inflicting so severe a punishment on them as the fruit of his disodience.









## THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token  
of a covenant between me and the earth.

GENESIS ix. 13.

---

SOFT falls the mild, reviving shower  
From April's changeful skies,  
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to day,  
Which, waiting but their balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade ;  
And verdure clothes each glassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

But, mark ! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bowed ?  
Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view  
The Rainbow in the cloud.



How bright its glory ! there behold  
The emerald's verdant rays,  
The topaz blends its hue of gold  
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair;—  
Gaze on that arch of colored light,  
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,  
Fast by th' Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domains shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fixed by his sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed-time and harvest still;

That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow ;  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sun-beams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou *His* name, whose mercy set  
The Rainbow in the cloud !



## THE FAIRY EXPERIMENT.

ONCE upon a time there lived in one of the sweetest and most sequestered nooks in the country, a band of fairies. They dwelt in a charming little valley, all enamelled with nameless flowers, sequestered among a range of lofty mountains, where all the beauties of nature seemed to have come together in happy harmony. A foaming torrent, after dashing down the mountain side,

wandered with sweet delay all round the little vale, as if loth to lose itself again among the cliffs that environed it, and finally stole away silently through an almost invisible opening among the hills.

Beyond the mountains which surrounded the abode of the little elfin race, there lived an old man whose sole possessions were a poor cottage miserably out of repair, and a little field which he had now become too decrepid to cultivate. Poor as he was, however, the old man was kind hearted and hospitable. While he



had he gave away, nor did the beggar ever want food ; or the traveller lodging so long as the old man had a house over his head, or a handful of meal in his barrel.

One day it happened that an argument arose among the fairies about the effects of prosperity and adversity on the character of mankind. Much was said on both sides, and the debate was beginning to assume an angry aspect, when a sage old fairy proposed to bring the question to the test of experiment. "Let us try the effect of both upon

the old man on the other side of the mountain. He is now poor and charitable : let us see what effect competence first, and then wealth, will have upon his heart." This was at once agreed to.

It happened that the season had been unfavourable, and the old man's crop of corn, always but scanty, was now diminished to just enough of flour to make one loaf. When that was gone he did not know where to get more, for all the country round was almost as badly off as himself.

As he sat at his door in the twi-



light, smoking his pipe, and thinking what would become of him when his last loaf was eaten, on a sudden there appeared before him a miserable old woman, the very picture of starvation. Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks sunken; her dress was in tatters, and she seemed to drag her shoeless feet with difficulty over the ground, supporting herself on a staff which bent beneath her weight.

The old man's heart yearned with compassion. He arose and offered

her his seat, on which she sunk exhausted, and begged him to give her something to eat, for she was famishing. "Alas !" said the old man, "if I give to you I must starve myself. I have but one mess of flour left, and when that is gone I know not where to get another." "Then God help me ! I must perish," said the old woman ; "I have not tasted food for two days !" "That must not be," said the old man, "I will share my last meal with you, and trust to Providence



for the future.” So he emptied his flour into a dish, and baked a little loaf, and they partook of it together.

When they had finished their humble meal, the old woman rose, and, after thanking him earnestly, she told him to put his empty barrel out by the side of the spring at night. The old man asked her why he should do so, but she refused to answer his question, and again thanking him she went on her way.

Though he thought it a foolish piece of nonsense, the old man did put his empty barrel out by the side

of the spring, and in the morning, lo ! he found it filled to the brim with corn ! The next night he again placed it as before, and it was again filled. The old man felt thankful and happy.

By and by, however, it came into his head that he might as well try if the same thing would not happen if he put two barrels out instead of one, and finding that both were filled, he began to think what he would do with the superfluity, as he had now more than he wanted. At first he thought of giving it away to his poor



neighbours, who were still suffering from the scanty harvest, but a feeling of avarice came over him, and he resolved to sell it at a high price.

He counted the money which he received for the corn over daily, turning it over and over, and every day he seemed to love it better than before. Thinking it did not increase fast enough, he resolved to put three barrels by the spring, and finding that they were filled, he increased the number till they amounted to a dozen. As he continued to sell the corn at a very high price, he was

soon one of the richest men in all the country round. He built a fine house, dressed in rich garments, and thought of nothing night or day but getting money. He was no longer charitable and kind-hearted; and, when the poor came to beg a little supply of corn, he drove them contemptuously from his door.

Meanwhile he continued to increase the number of the barrels; but, instead of the quantity of corn increasing, it daily diminished. Every night the barrels were less and less full, till at last, from being



only half full, he could in the morning now see the bottom of each. He resolved to watch and try to learn whence the corn came, and why the supply began to fail. He got into a tree which overhung the spring, and, after waiting some time, he saw a train of little tiny elves streaming down from the mountain, and each bearing a couple of grains of corn which they deposited in the barrel and flew off again with the swiftness of thought. Quick as they were, however, they were not quick enough for the avaricious old man,

and, thinking to urge them on, he called out to them to make haste. In an instant off darted the fairies with a loud shriek, and disappeared behind the mountain like a flock of birds.

In the morning he found his barrels quite empty, and they were never filled again. On going to count his money, it too was gone ; and soon his fine house and costly furniture followed, and the poor old man was left more miserable than before.

When the fairies again met to



consider the result of their experiment, they determined to reward virtue not by bestowing wealth or power, but by endowing it with a blameless conscience, a benevolent heart, and a contented mind.

## THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business  
in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and  
his wonders in the deep.

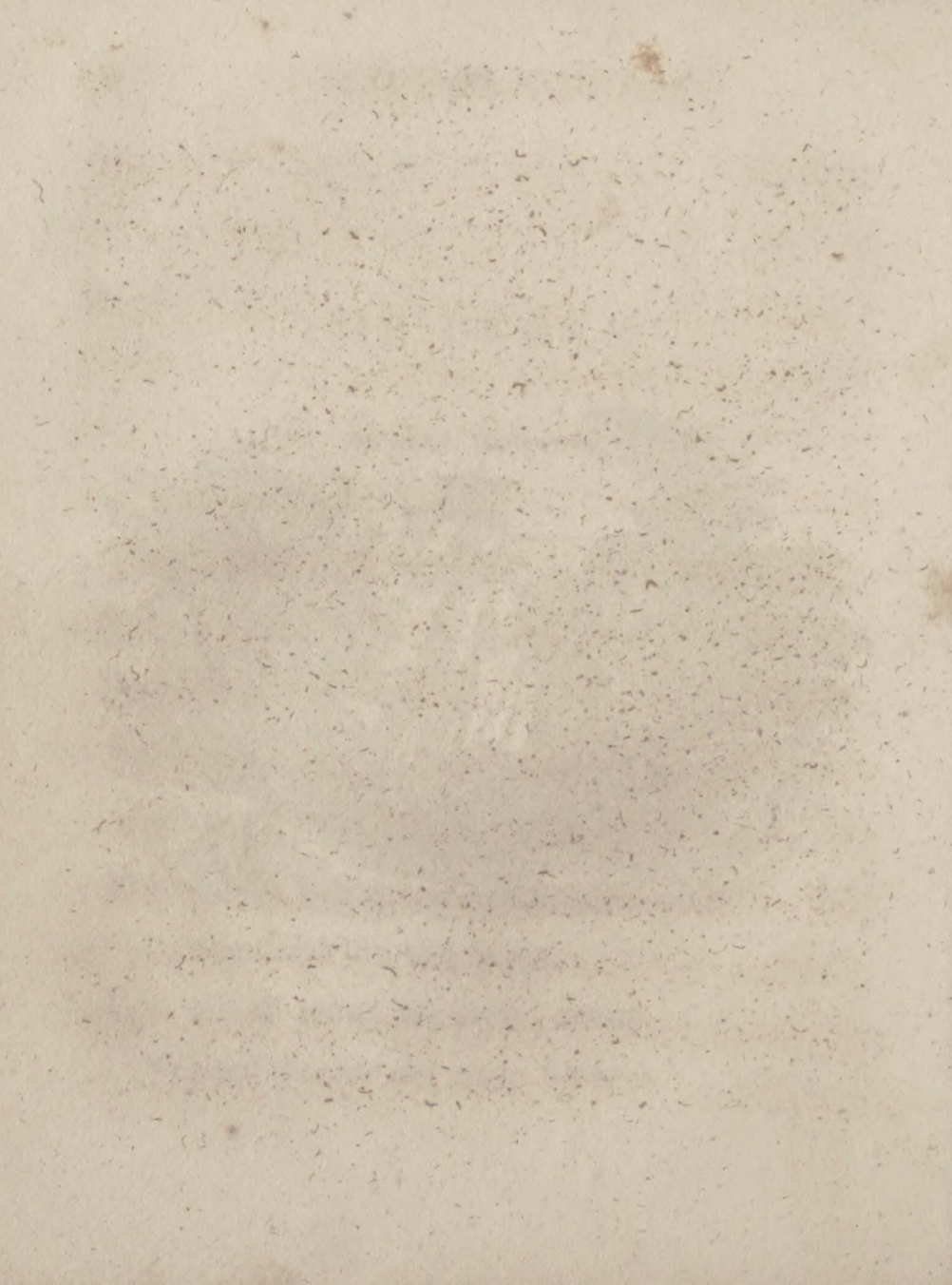
PSALM cvii. 23, 24.

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HE that in venturous barks hath been  
A wanderer on the deep,  
Can tell of many an awful scene,  
Where storms for ever sweep.









For many a fair, majestic sight  
Hath met his wandering eye,  
Beneath the streaming northern light,  
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go ! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,  
Whose echoing thunder peals  
Loud, as if rushed along the shore  
An army's chariot wheels ;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,  
Or fixed upon the coast,  
Like glittering citadel or fane,  
'Mid the bright realms of frost ;

Of coral rocks, from waves below

In steep ascent that tower,

And fraught with peril, daily grow,

Formed by an insect's power ;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night

Shine o'er the tides afar,

And make th' expanse of ocean bright

As heaven with many a star.

O God ! thy name they well may praise,

Who to the deep go down,

And trace the wonders of thy ways,

Where rocks and billows frown.



If glorious be that awful deep,  
No human power can bind,  
What then art Thou, who bidst it keep  
Within its bounds confined !

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,  
Eternal praise to Thee,  
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,  
Or still the raging sea !

## LUCY AND HER DOG, OR THE TWO FRIENDS.

“COME to me, Tray ! come, and I will give you a piece of this nice cake,” cried Lucy to her dog one day as she sat under the shade of a large tree which grew in her papa’s garden. Tray was a good dog ; he came at once, and, seating himself by her side, looked first at the cake, and then turned his large and intelligent eyes on Lucy’s face, as much



as to say, "here I am, give me the cake which you promised me!"

Lucy loved her dog. She took him round the neck, spoke kindly to him, and gave him part of her cake. She knew that in Tray she had a kind, intelligent, and faithful friend. They were playmates, and when Lucy had said her lessons she often chased Tray up and down the garden, and across the lawn, till he was quite tired, and Tray was always so good tempered and so ready for a frolic. It

was quite a treat to see them running about so happily.

One day Lucy was at play at the foot of the garden, where there was a deep pond, and as she was running away from Tray, and thoughtlessly looking behind to see if he was following, she came close up to the side of the pond before she was aware, and before she could stop herself she fell into the water. Poor Lucy might have been drowned : she screamed aloud, but as the house was at some distance no one



heard her. She had time to give only one scream, however, before Tray seized her by the frock and dragged her out of the water. She was very much terrified, but not at all hurt, and she took care in future always to look before her when she was running.

When the weather was bad, and Lucy and her playmate could not seek amusement out of doors, she taught him to play at hide and seek, and many a nice game they had. At the word of command Tray marched down stairs to wait till

Lucy had hidden herself, and, on her calling his name, Tray ran up again as fast as he could, and, after seeking all over the room from which he thought the voice came, if he did not find her there he proceeded to another, all the while uttering a short good-natured sound, something between a whine and a bark, showing how much he enjoyed the sport. When he did not discover the object of his search at once he walked leisurely to the door of the room, and then, after sniffing about for a short time, he seldom failed to



go direct to the place of concealment. Sometimes when Lucy hid herself in a closet, he scratched at the door, and barked loudly in a knowing sort of tone, as much as to say, "I've found you."

Lucy, like many other little girls, had a bad habit of leaving the doors of the rooms into which she came standing open, although she found them shut when she entered. Her mama said to her one day, "What a pity it is, Lucy, that Tray cannot shut the door for you. I fear you will never learn to do so yourself."

“O, yes, Mama,” exclaimed Lucy, “that will be delightful, I will teach him !” and immediately Tray’s lessons began. She took hold of him and spoke to him, telling him what she wanted him to do, just as if poor Tray understood every word she said, and promised him the reward of a piece of cake if he did as she bid him. Tray looked as grave as a judge. Lucy made him stand on his hind legs, and placed his fore paws against the door, giving it at the same time a gentle push. After repeating the lesson three or four



times, Tray seemed to understand what she wanted, and at length he succeeded in shutting it himself. He then received his promised reward.

Lucy was delighted with the progress of her pupil, and next day bounced into the room where mama was sitting, followed by Tray, leaving the door standing wide open. "Lucy, my love," said mama, "you have forgotten the door." "Shut the door, Tray!" said Lucy, with an air of command as if quite certain to be instantly obeyed. Tray look-

ed up into her face and wagged his tail ! “ Shut the door, Sir ! ” repeated Lucy, in a tone more peremptory than before. Tray again wagged his tail, and, opening his jaws, yawned in a sort of half-tired manner, but did not stir from his seat, and poor Lucy, who had left the door open on purpose to show mama how nicely Tray could shut it, was obliged to go and do so herself.

She did not, however, give the matter up, and, by dint of giving Tray a few lessons every day, and rewarding him when he was suc-



cessful, he soon learned what she wanted, and she had only to say to him, "Tray, shut the door!" when he would run at once and shut it as carefully as if he had been afraid of injuring it by closing it too abruptly.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE SNOWDROP.

BY A LITTLE GIRL, TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

A SNOW-FLAKE fell from the summer sky,  
As though it had burst its chain,  
Where it lies enthralled in the realms on high,  
Until winter appears again.  
It chanced to fall in a garden fair,  
Where many a flow'ret grew,  
Watched by a guardian angel's care,  
Who bathed them all in dew.  
It rested near a blooming rose,  
That shed its fragrance round,



Folding its leaves in soft repose,  
To a fountain's silvery sound.  
The angel smiled on it resting there,  
And thus addressed the snow :  
“ What dost thou here, fair child of air,  
While the summer sunbeams glow ?”  
The snow-flake said : “ The flowers have died  
From the scorching sun on high,  
And, when above, I have often sighed  
To see their colours fly :  
Then I vowed to visit the earth, and give  
New life to each rosy flower,  
Bidding the drooping blossom live  
To deck the angel's bower.”

As the snow-flake spake, the flowers that lay  
All withering on the ground

Bloomed with the blush of a new-born day,

And brightness reigned around.

Then the angel said : " If thou'lt stay with me

Sweet pitying spirit of air,

A beauteous form I'll give to thee

'Than all these flowers more fair !"

Waving her hand, there rose to view,

On the place where the snow-flake came,

A pure white flower, fresh crowned with dew,

And the " Snow-drop" is its name !









## THE STARS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

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The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament  
showeth his handy-work. PSALM xix. 1.

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No cloud obscures the summer sky,  
The moon in brightness walks on high,  
And, set in azure, every star  
Shines, like a gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance  
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
The glories of its realm explore,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense  
The marvels of Omnipotence ?  
Seest thou not there the Almighty name,  
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,  
That sparkle through the shades of night ;  
Behold them ! — can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host ?



Mark well each little star, whose rays  
In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;  
Each is a world by Him sustained,  
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, shining not for earth alone,  
Hath suns and planets of its own,  
And beings, whose existence springs  
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know  
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of wo ;  
But raising still the adoring voice,  
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh ! child of clay !  
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand,  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath e'en for thee, a Father's care !

Be thou at peace !—the all-seeing eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,  
The searching glance which none may flee,  
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.



## CORNERS OF TIME.

“CORNERS OF TIME ! Mama ;” said Harry one day when a morning visitor had gone, to whom Mrs. Herbert had been speaking of the advantage of keeping a watchful guardianship over the intervals which occur between finishing one occupation and taking up another, “What did you mean ? Pray do tell me, Mama,” he repeated, as he saw a smile gathering on Mrs. Herbert’s

face at the strangeness of the question.

“Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Herbert, “I am always happy to afford you any explanation you need. Excuse my smile, I did not laugh at *you*, but at *your question*. It certainly is an odd term, but is a very expressive one. I met with it some time ago in a book on the improvement of time, and one of the arguments by which the duty was enforced was this. A celebrated author, one who had written a great many books, was asked by a friend



how he, whose time was so completely occupied in other employments, could find leisure for literary pursuits. He replied, I do it by improving the Corners of Time. When I come down stairs to breakfast, I find it not quite ready; I step into my study, take pen, ink, and paper, and write a few lines. My thoughts continue to flow during breakfast, and when that is over I finish the sentence. In the same manner, when I come home to dinner, the ladies are not dressed. I

wash my hands, adjust my cravat, and step into my study. Ten, fifteen, or even twenty minutes sometimes elapse before I am summoned to the dining room, and in that time I can do a good deal of work. Similar intervals occur in the evening, and these I call Corners of Time."

"O yes, Mama!" said Harry, "I understand it now."

"And I hope it will make an impression on you, Harry," said Mrs. Herbert. "Much may be done in these 'odd moments,' if one but uses



them rightly. You remember the old saying, which I repeated to you a few days ago,

‘Stroke upon stroke  
Will fell the oak.’

## TO MY DOG.

Come hither, honest master Tray,  
And tell me how it is  
That after romping all the day  
You've got that solemn phiz ?

Short while ago you were so brisk,  
Barking and bounding with such glee,  
Leaping with many a funny frisk,  
While frolicking with me.



I'm sure you dearly love some fun—  
Come tell me now, you elf,  
What is it you are thinking on,  
On me, or on yourself?

If you are tired I'll make your bed  
Under the hawthorn tree;  
And there, with nightcap on your head,  
How comical you'll be.

I'll sing you about Robin Hood,  
And how he used to go  
Rambling in the merry green wood,  
With staff and bended bow.

Or else of Johnny Gilpin's rout,  
How he lost hat and wig !  
And never dream't when he set out  
Of running such a rig.

Or I'll bring my little picture book—  
What makes you wag your tail ?  
Ah ! now you've such a merry look,  
'There's nothing did you all.

I dare say you've been standing still,  
To let me mount your back,  
That we may scud o'er dale and hill  
Like traveller on his hack.



Or, soldier like, we'll charge the foe—  
And force them soon to yield!  
But are we quite equipt? Oh no!  
I have forgot my shield.

Well, you're a nice, good, faithful dog,  
For it you'll be a winner,  
Unto the house come let us jog,  
And you shall have your dinner!

## THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain !

The rich man asked of me :

Come walk abroad with me, I said,

And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets

Were cheerless to behold ;

And we were wrapt and coated well,

And yet we were a-cold.



We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were few and white ;  
I asked him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter, keen, indeed, he said ;  
But at home no fire had he,  
And therefore he had come abroad  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begged loud and bold ;  
I asked her what she did abroad  
When the wind it blew so cold ?

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed,  
And therefore was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest ;  
She had a baby at her back,  
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,  
When the wind it was so chill ;  
She turned her head and bade the child  
That screamed behind be still.

She told us that her husband stray'd  
A soldier far away,  
And therefore to her parish she  
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,  
For silently stood he—  
'You ask'd me why the poor complain,  
And these have answer'd thee."

SOUTHEY.



## THE RIVAL GRACES.

“COME, Laura, I will play the little piece which I have just learnt, while you practise your new steps,” said Mary Rivers to her sister ; and, seating herself at the harp, after a short prelude, she poured forth such a flood of harmony as would have delighted the ears of Mozart himself.

Mary Rivers, though two years younger than her sister, was much

more advanced in her music, which she played with a taste and feeling quite unusual at her age. Laura, on the contrary, never sat down to the piano or the harp without feeling that she was engaging in a task. It was not for want of ear, for she danced delightfully, and though her voice was naturally musical, she seldom ventured beyond the humming of a tune. Of dancing, however, she was passionately fond, and she and her sister had frequent controversies as to which was the greatest accomplishment, music or dancing.



On the day in question, when each had partaken of their favourite amusement, and were again seated at mama's work-table, the controversy was resumed. "Only think," said Laura in enforcing the claims of her favourite, "dancing is called 'the poetry of motion;' and I have read that the great philosopher Locke speaks of it as of the greatest importance in education, and says that it cannot be learnt too early."

"I dare say he does," said Mary, "but I can quote fine sayings on my side, as well as you. Music is called



by—I can't recollect who—the 'language of the soul,' and I dare say Mr. Locke, if we had him here, would admit that music is of still greater importance. Come, Mama, what do you say? I am sure you will agree with me."

Mrs. Rivers, who had on this, as on former occasions, listened in silence to the reasonings of both parties, unwilling to interrupt them, so long as the argument was carried on with fairness and good temper on both sides, thus directly appealed to, could not refuse to give her opinion.

“I think, my dear girls, that to a certain extent you are both in the right, but, allow me to say, you are both in error in ascribing such exclusive importance to either. Dancing, it is true, contributes gracefulness to the carriage, and is an agreeable source of healthful recreation and amusement; and music, while it soothes and affects the heart, refines the feelings : but you ought not to forget that they are merely sources of amusement, and if allowed to absorb all your attention, they



defeat the very object for which they are taught."

"But a person cannot play too well, Mama, can they?" asked Mary.

"No, my dear, I do not say that they can; nothing can be done too well," replied Mrs. Rivers; "but every thing is not of equal importance to all persons. Thus it is of the highest importance to a professional musician that he should be able to perform in a style superior to all other performers on the same instrument; and, to do this, he too frequently sacrifices all other attain-



ments. How frequently do we see artists, of great eminence, who can scarcely write a sentence grammatically, and who spell after a fashion entirely their own. Now though all this exertion may be necessary to enable such persons to reach the top of their profession, it would be in the highest degree blameable in a young lady to devote her attention so exclusively to one accomplishment as to neglect the proper cultivation of her mind." "Oh yes, Mama!" said Laura, "but"—Unfortunately the remainder of her

observation and Mama's reply were interrupted by the arrival of visitors, long before whose departure some new subject had engaged the attention of the disputants.



## RECREATION AND DISSIPATION.

HARRY and Lucy, not Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy, but a little boy and girl of the kind very common forty years ago, fond of play, real play, not quite so fond of their books, and with not many books to be fond of, were at work, that is making work for others, in a hay-field behind their father's house, one hot bright afternoon. Harry was provided with a rake, and Lucy a



fork, and never was king or queen prouder of a nation's sceptre. Whatever had been done by the real hay-makers, they imitated to the best of their ability. They spread and turned the hay, loaded their little wagon, for which they had no horses but themselves, unloaded it again at a rick of their own constructing, and which might have made a bed for Tom Thumb, and finally grew so tired that they were glad to sit down. Their amusements while resting from their fatigue, were no better than blow-

ing the dandelions to tell what o'clock it was, sucking the honey out of the clover flowers, and wreathing their hats with harebells and robin-run-in-the-hedge. I fear all genteel masters and misses will think them sadly vulgar children, and very silly too, when I say that they were perfectly happy, and had no idea of wanting any thing beyond what they possessed. Haymaking does not last long ; and as Harry and Lucy were at home for the Midsummer holidays, they found a variety of recreations, but all of the



same stamp; the pleasure lay in being easily pleased, in manufacturing amusement for themselves; therefore, a walk with their parents, a ride on a donkey, an excursion to gather strawberries, with permission to sit up to supper to eat them, rearing rabbits, feeding chickens, and many things equally simple, were considered high treats. In the winter holidays there was of course no haymaking, no summer amusement of any kind; but then there were skating and sliding on the pond for Harry, and looking-on for Lucy,



and now and then, with fast hold of her brother's hand, a short slide on dry ground, suited to a little girl and her petticoats. Then they had indoors amusements suited to the sex and age of each; *imprimis*, a rocking-horse; item, a box of skittles; item, a fox and goose board; item, a doll dressed by a young friend for Lucy, in a cradle manufactured by Harry; battledores and shuttlecocks; item, a top, a ball, a baby-house, a whip, a hoop, a bat, a cat, a dog, a canary bird, a fiddle, a bandelore, a cup and ball, and sundry similarities

“too numerous to mention.” Then came occasional gatherings of cousins and playfellows by the half score, and blindman’s buff, noise, and plumcake, from four in the afternoon till nine at night; quite long enough for papa’s patience and mama’s head. I do not mean to deny that the pleasures of Harry and Lucy would have been improved had a little instruction been combined with them; but it was forty years ago: The Nursery Library was not; Pinnock’s Catechisms were not; Captain Parry had not



voyaged ; Mr. Belzoni had not travelled ; nor if they had, would people have thought of abridging their books for the sake of children. It was forty years ago ; and the contrivances for playing knowledge into people had not been invented. So Harry and Lucy grew up, and learnt their lessons without catechisms to render them easy, and enjoyed their plays without contrivances to make them scientific. They grew up, not like Jack's beanstalk, all in a night, but in a proper course of time ; and in a proper course of time

they married. Harry had a little boy, called Harry after himself, and Lucy a little girl, in like manner named Lucy after herself ; and it is about Harry and Lucy the second, that I am now going to write.

Little master and miss possess what are termed “acquirements;” they understand a little of a great deal ; a little botany, a little history, a little astronomy, a little of two or three languages, a little of four or five accomplishments, a little, very little—of themselves. They have maps, and games, and cards, and



puzzles, and pictures, and toys, and models, mechanical, historical, and philosophical, without number. Their play-room is a bazaar : their book case a library : nevertheless, neither Harry nor Lucy seem so happy as their parents did when children. They neither relish the simple pleasures peculiar to the past age, nor rightly value the superior instruction of the present. Over indulgence in one way is a sure preface to over indulgence in another ; and they already hanker after those amusements which, though

in reality childish, have a show of grandeur to the understandings of children. "What is the fun of having a pony," cries Harry, "if I may not ride to the races?" "And what pleasure is there in learning the quadrilles, if I may not go to a ball?" suggests Lucy. The last matter came to a decision not long ago. It was Lucy's birthday; she completed her eleventh year; and who so happy in the prospect of approaching teens, save her cousin Harry in the anticipation of collars and a dandy coat? Now, Lucy's



mama, remembering the simple galas of her own childhood, whilst willing to celebrate her daughter's birthday with all due honour, wished also to do it with all due simplicity. Not so Miss Lucy herself. She had recently become acquainted at the dancing school with some little ladies about as old and wise as herself; and it was agreed in cabinet council, that a dance was the only party worth having or worth going to. So home she came, to tease her mama into the project. Miss Jenkins, and Miss Jones, and Miss

Joyce, and a host of Mary-Matildas, and Anna-Marias, and Charlottes and Carolines, none of them any older than herself, had given balls on their birth-days, and why might not she? The logic of the lip is lost upon a spoiled child; so poor, dear, kind, too kind mama was begged and prayed into compliance. The house was shortly all astir with preparations for an elegant supper; the carpet was removed from the room; the sideboard covered with wine and cake; a good-natured grown up cousin, and a sensible



disapproving aunt, lent their services for the evening ; and at the proper hour, about forty young ladies and gentlemen assembled, like-minded with their hostess and her cousin. Nothing was wanting to make it a ball in miniature ; there were flutter and finery, fans and flirtation in profusion. I was privately assured by the mistresses of the ceremonies, that managing this child's party was the hardest work ever done by either. First came the providing of partners for pink-sashed belles of twelve, who, "only danced the

quadrilles.” Then followed teaching manners to lubberly boys, who cared only for the cakes. Then ensued the taking down of monkey youths, who despite of white waistcoats and starched collars, knew not how to behave themselves. Then last, and not the least formidable of these occupations, was pacifying the younger branches—too little to dance—too important to play—and too troublesome to sit still.

Lucy, to her own great amazement, found herself much less happy than she expected on the present



occasion ; for, as she sincerely desired to please her guests, she was hurt, when some of the leaders whispered to each other that it was a dull visit ; and as she had not been disciplined into bad habits, the late hour, luxurious supper, noise, glare, and heat of the room, made her head ache sadly.

Now her aunt Maria, who had kindly assisted during the evening, greatly disapproved the whole proceeding, though she was too wise to say much at the time. There is a French proverb which says, that the

day after a gala is always melancholy, and every body, great or small, is more disposed to hear reason then, than at the moment of actual enjoyment, such as it is. So the next morning, when Lucy was lounging about the breakfast-room, wondering what ailed her, aunt Maria began to talk to her.

“What makes my little girl so dull to-day?”

“Oh, aunt! how can I be dull when I had so much pleasure last night?”

“Well then, so idle?”



“That is worse, ma’am.”

“So little inclined to do anything then?”

“Why really, aunt, I have nothing that I particularly like to do this morning.”

“Yet your mama gave you a very interesting new book yesterday, and your papa gave you a microscope.”

“Yes, aunt, they did; and very kind it was of them.”

“Well, love, suppose you fetch your book, and read to me as I sit at work.”

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Lucy; but she did not offer to stir from the window.

“Or if you like it better, come and examine these leaves through your glass.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” said the little girl, slowly approaching the work-table.

Aunt Maria looked at her and sighed.

“What have I done, aunt?”

“Nothing, love,” replied the good lady, in a gentle tone.

Lucy remained for some minutes;



at length she exclaimed, "Aunt, I should like to know one thing."

Her aunt laid down her work and took off her spectacles.

"I should like to know, aunt, whether if cousin Harry had not been so disagreeable last night"—

"What did cousin Harry do?"

"Why he cut off the ends of my sash, and called me a cropped donkey, and made every one laugh."

"Well, love, go on."

"And if I had not heard Maria Graves whisper to Mary Perkins, that Phœbe Jones's party was much

pleasanter than mine,—and if those tiresome little ones had not spoiled our quadrille,—and if—oh, aunt, isn't it shameful—Mary Perkins is going to have a party of fifty on Wednesday, with real music to dance to.”

“Your mama's piano was real music, love.”

“Yes, ma'am ; but I mean music that is paid for—a flute and violin, and she has not invited me ; and I am sure I have always been more attentive to her than to any one else.”



“My dear Lucy,” said aunt Maria, smiling, “you have got a long way from the one thing you wanted to know.”

“No, aunt, it is this ; if none of these disagreeables had happened, should I have been quite happy last night ?”

“I do not know, Lucy ; perhaps other disagreeables might have happened in their place.”

“Well, aunt, something always does happen,”—and here Lucy’s eyes filled with tears of vexation, and aunt Maria’s with tears of sympathy.

The kind lady drew the child towards her, and said, with serious tenderness, "Instead of grieving, Lucy, you should rejoice that dissipation is rendered bitter to you at the beginning."

"What is Dissipation, aunt?"

"Any amusement, love, which wearies the body without refreshing the spirits; which unfits the mind for occupation; and above all, which will not bear reflecting upon when over."

"Then what is Recreation, aunt?"

"Amusement which does not



make us dislike our duty. Try last night's pleasure by these tests, and tell me whether it was Dissipation or Recreation."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed little Lucy, "it was indeed Dissipation; for I am cross, and tired, and unhappy this morning. I will never want any more."

"What, not if Mary Perkins should invite you to her party on Wednesday?"

Lucy hesitated; but at length said, "No, aunt, not if you will teach me to like Recreation better."

“I will try, love,” replied her aunt, “and you must try for yourself ; so now make a beginning, and fetch your birthday presents.”

Lucy kissed aunt Maria with a brightened countenance, and ran off to fetch her book and microscope.



CHARLES;

OR,

A CURE FOR DISOBEDIENCE.

CHARLES was past five years old, and when all his friends thought he must grow wise and good, he grew so bad that no one could bear him. If he saw a cake he would cry for it ; if he saw a top or ball he would cry for them ; in short, he could not wish for the least thing that he did

not cry for : and, as he had been sick, his friends did not like to say a harsh word to him.

Now this was not quite his own fault ; for while he was ill, an old nurse who was left to take care of him, did not treat him as she should have done. She would go to sleep by the side of his bed, and not mind him till she heard him cry ; and then when he did cry, she would do what he bade her. It was thus that poor Charles got these bad ways.

No one knew what to do with



him, and he was the plague of the whole house. At last an aunt of his said, "Send him to me, and I will try if I can cure him of this fault." So Charles was sent to his aunt's house, and he was glad, for there was a fine large field for him to play in, and he saw cows, and sheep, and hens, and ducks.

He was good for some time, and grew strong and well; and his aunt took pains to tell him what a bad thing it was to cry and scream. She was in hopes that he had left it off: but one day he went out to fly his

kite in the field, there was no wind to raise the kite, and this put Charles in such a rage that he gave a loud roar, which his aunt heard. So she ran out with a small birch rod, and gave him a hard slap with it on one hand. This made him roar ten times worse ; but when the pain was past, Charles was still for the rest of the day.

Three days more were gone by, and Charles had not been seen to cry or heard to scream ; but the third night he did not like what they gave him to eat, and said he must have a



piece of toast. This, the maid told him, he could not have, as there was no fire to make it ; so Charles gave one of his loud screams, and when his aunt came in she found his face all red with rage and wet with tears. She said not a word, but took her small rod and gave him two hard slaps on his hands, which made him rub them and cry still more. But he soon went to bed in peace.

Next day he got up cross ; and when the maid came to dress him, he gave her a kick, threw down the

chair next to him, and said no one should wash him : the maid said, as his aunt had bid her wash him, she must do it, and she took hold of his arm. This made him shriek loud, and brought in his aunt and her rod of course. She gave him three slaps so hard, that the pain made him jump round the room, and he felt it for some hours.

Each time his aunt came with the rod, she gave him more slaps, and made the slaps more hard : and Charles thought this a sad thing, and how glad he would be to have no



birch rod in the house. So one day he went to his aunt and said, "I will be a bad boy no more if you will burn the rod." And his aunt said, "Try to be a good boy, and in one month you shall have the rod to burn."

Next day when he could not catch the cat, Charles felt a wish to cry, but he put his hand on his mouth to try to stop it, and made no noise. And when the maid came to dress him, he let her wash and comb him, and did not say one word. In all the next week he did

not cry ; but once he gave a small scream, and one jump in a rage, when his top did not spin well ; but he had so much sense as to take the top to his aunt, and beg of her to lock it up, as it had made him do wrong.

At the end of the month Charles got leave to burn the rod, which made him dance with joy ; and in a few months his aunt sent him home quite a good boy. Just as he left her house, she told him that if he was still good in six months, she



would then go to see him, and bring him a hen that would lay eggs.

So Charles went home in great joy, and all his friends were glad to see him; and when Charles was six years old, he had a nice white hen of his own, which laid five eggs in one week.

## JANE, THE KIND GIRL.

JANE was a child of five years old, who was good and kind to all. The girls who went to school with her were fond of her ; and the beasts and birds round the house would come when they heard her voice. All the fowls in the yard would run to her as soon as they saw her, and she was glad when she got leave to feed them.



One day when she came home from school she met her nurse, who gave her a bun ; and as it was a fine day she went to the field at the back of the house to eat it.

She had just sat down by the hedge, when a poor thin dog came to look at her ; she gave him a small bit of her bun, and saw him eat it and wag his tail. Then an old man came out of a poor hut to call the dog, and Jane saw that he too was thin, and pale, and sick. So she gave him a large piece of her bun ; and he said, "Thank you, good

child!" and ate it, and told her that it did him good.

The old man and his dog went back to the hut, and Jane ate the small bit of bun that was left, and felt much more glad than if she had eaten the whole. Yet she was fond of buns: and I am not sure, if the old man and his dog had been fat and strong, that she would have thought of a bit for them, as they did not ask for it; but she saw that they were in great want, which put her in mind to share it with them.

It was long till the next time that



Jane had a bun. As soon as she got one, she went to look for the old man and his dog, but could not find them ; and she met a boy who told her that they were grown fat and well, and were gone to their own home a great way off.

## HECTOR AND PETER.

OR THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH.

“BEGONE, you little ragged urchin, you have no right to come prawning on the sands before our villa, and, if I find you here again, you shall feel my horsewhip about your shoulders !” This threat was uttered by Master Hector Lebrun, a young gentleman about nine years of age. The boy he threatened was



a year younger than himself, but this was no imputation upon his courage, for the ragged Peter Bruff was quite as tall, and, as the event proved, quite as strong as the elegantly dressed Hector Lebrun. When I was a boy, I considered a long account of the dress and appearance of persons a great hindrance to the progress of a story, and to make mine as short as possible, I have sketched the two youths as they stood talking to each other on the beach, and you will see the contrast in their dress and appearance.

Peter Bruff was a good-natured quick-witted boy, and answered Hector's threat with a loud laugh, and told him that the beach was free to every one, and that he should fish for prawns wherever he thought there was a chance of catching them ; "and, as for your horsewhip," continued Peter, "you had better keep that at home, or you may perhaps bring a whip for your own back !" "You insolent ragamuffin," cried Hector in a rage, "do you dare to talk in this way to the son of a gentleman, a captain in the



army, while your father is only a dirty half-starved fisherman ! If you don't be gone without another word, I'll beat you with my sword till you are black and blue." "I care not for your wooden sword," said Peter ; "and if you don't wish to have it broken about your head, you had better keep it where it is." This taunt so enraged Hector that he tore the lath sword from its paper scabbard, and assailed Peter with great fury, while the latter defended himself most gallantly, and in the scuffle obtained possession of

the toy, which he broke in pieces, and threw into the sea. How long the battle would have continued, or which of our heroes would have been the victor cannot be told, for in the very heat of the encounter, the voice of Captain Lebrun put an end to the combat. "Cease fighting this instant, I command you both," said he. The two boys, panting for breath, ceased at his bidding, and each was eager to excuse himself and blame his opponent. "Silence!" said Captain Lebrun; "there is no occasion for either of



you to explain the cause of your quarrel. I was sitting in the veranda, and overheard the whole of it. Hector, you were the aggressor; you had no right to threaten Peter, or to upbraid him for his poverty; but, as he has proved that he has the power to protect himself, and, if I may judge from your appearance, to punish you for your folly, I will say no more about it. Come, Peter, my boy, Hector is sorry for what he said; here is a franc for you, my brave fellow; when Hector is a year or two older,

he will be ashamed of boasting of his own riches, or insulting honest poverty." The kindness of Captain Lebrun subdued the sturdy Peter, his eyes filled with tears, and he declared if it was displeasing to the Captain, he would never prawn in front of the villa again. "No, no, Peter, prawn where you like, my brave boy, the beach is open to all," said the Captain; then, turning to the mortified Hector, he continued, "do not stand crying there, but shake hands with Peter, and let him go about his business." "He broke



my sword," cried Hector, "and I cannot forgive him." "For shame, boy, you were the aggressor, and Peter has forgiven your petulance, while you retain your anger!" "I will shake hands with him now, Papa, because you wish it, but when I am a man I'll—" "Treat him as an old friend I hope," said the Captain, finishing the half uttered sentence, "and laugh at the battle on the beach. Good day, Peter!"

The crest-fallen Hector followed his father into the villa, and Peter made the best of his way to his

parents' hut upon the beach, where he triumphantly displayed the franc which the captain had given him as the reward of valour.

A few days after the occurrence I have just related, Captain Lebrun received an order from the government to attend at the War-office at Paris upon business of importance, which obliged him ultimately to take up his residence in that city; and, when Hector arrived at the proper age, he was placed as a pupil in the celebrated Polytechnic school, and gained great approbation from



the learned professors of that establishment for his perseverance and attainments. At the age of eighteen he was rewarded by a commission in the French army, and at his own solicitation was attached to a regiment then under orders to join the expedition against Algiers.

It is unnecessary for my tale that I should describe the city of Algiers, or give an account of the embarkation and landing of the troops that were sent to take the place. It is sufficient for me to say that Hector Lebrun proved himself a most active

and useful officer, and that, previous to the storming of the city, it was considered necessary that a strong fortress, which commanded one of the principal entrances to the city, should be got possession of, and the regiment in which Hector served, was ordered to undertake this dangerous operation. The Algerines defended the fort with great bravery, and, as they were excellent marksmen, aimed particularly at the French officers. So many of them were killed that Hector found himself the senior officer of the regi-



ment. So destructive had been the fire of the enemy, and so great the loss sustained by the French, that the soldiers were about to shrink from the contest. Hector gallantly rallied the men, and by bravely ascending the scaling ladder which led to the place from whence proceeded the most determined defence, he raised the drooping courage of the soldiers, and incited them to make one more effort. He was eagerly followed by the troops, and in a few minutes gaining footing, the French flag waved triumphantly over the

battlement, and the victory appeared secure. At this moment, however, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a numerous body of Algerines attacked the besiegers of the fort. The French soldiers were panic-struck at the appearance of this fresh reinforcement, and being greatly exhausted by their former exertions, made a hasty retreat, leaving Hector and the few brave fellows who followed him into the fortress in the hands of the enraged Algerines, who would have put them to instant death had not the



Algerine chief, in the hope of making an advantage of his prisoners, rescued them from the fury of his soldiers. Hector was separated from his companions, and conducted to a dungeon on that side of the fortress nearest the sea. Worn out with the extraordinary fatigue which he had undergone, Hector laid himself down on the cold stones, and soon fell as fast asleep as if he lay upon a bed of down. He was awakened at day-dawn on the following morning by the thunder of artillery, and from the tremendous uproar on all

sides of the fortress, he concluded that the French were making the grand attack upon the city. In a few hours the firing ceased, and Hector began to search about the apartment for water to allay his raging thirst. He could find none. He groped around till he found the door, and tried to make himself heard by knocking and bawling as long as he was able, but he could obtain no answer. All was silent without, save the dashing of the waves as they broke against the fortress. In the meanwhile his



thirst increased every moment, till at last almost gasping for breath, he threw himself on the floor in despair.

How long he remained in this state he knew not ; all that he could remember afterwards, was a confused ringing in his ears, and a heavy oppressive feeling as if a huge load was laid on his chest. His tongue grew black and swollen, and he must soon have perished had not a little band of sailors come to his relief. They broke down the door of his prison, and seeing no one in

it but a person lying on the floor motionless, they hastily concluded that he was dead, and were hurrying away, when their leader called them to stop, and going towards the body began to examine it. Though motionless, he saw that there was still life, and taking it up in his arms, he bore it from the dismal place to a more open and well furnished apartment. Here he administered such restoratives as he could command, and had the pleasure of soon seeing his patient revive so much as to be able to swallow a



little wine and water, which he administered with almost feminine gentleness.

When the prisoner had so far recovered, he anxiously inquired the name of his deliverer; he was told it was Lieutenant Peter Bruff. For a long time Hector was at a loss to imagine where he had seen his deliverer, whose features and name were both familiar to him, flitting before his eyes with dream-like indistinctness.

It was indeed Peter Bruff, the poor fisherman's son, who, having

entered the naval service of his country, had by intelligence and good conduct gradually raised himself to the rank of lieutenant ; and no sooner was the fortress in the power of the French than he sought and obtained permission from his commanding officer to proceed to the dungeons to release the captives, of which he well knew there were many confined in those dark and dismal receptacles.

When Hector discovered who his deliverer was, the battle on the beach immediately rushed into his



recollection. Mr. Bruff, too, remembered it well, and though they afterwards often laughed heartily at their mimic warfare, Captain Lebrun declared that the lesson which had been then taught him, he had never forgotten ; and that the broken sword of the battle on the beach had been of more use to him in his progress through life, than many events of a far more lofty character.

## HYMN,

BY THE SICK BED OF A MOTHER.

FATHER ! that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen thy Son ;

Oh ! by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blest relief ;  
Or to the chasten'd let thy might  
Hallow this grief ;



And Thou, that when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
“Thy will be done !”

By thy meek spirit, thou, of all  
That e’er have mourn’d the chief,  
Thou Saviour ! if thy stroke *must* fall,  
Hallow this grief !

And then, that when the stars  
Saw the first light of day,  
They were shining bright and clear,  
That was the first of the day.

By the way, I have a little  
Book of the first of the day,  
That is the first of the day,  
That is the first of the day.





## THE RIVERS.

Go ! trace the unnumbered streams, o'er earth  
That wind their devious course,  
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,  
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,  
Proud scenes of man's renown,  
Some lead their solitary tide,  
Where pathless forests frown.



Some calmly roll in golden sands,  
Where Afric's deserts lie ;  
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands  
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail  
Exulting seems to swell ;  
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,  
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow  
Their various waves may sweep,  
Through cities or through shades they flow  
To the same boundless deep.

Oh ! thus, whate'er our path of life,  
Through sunshine or through gloom,  
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,  
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,  
The monarch throned on high,  
The peasant in his native vale,  
All journey on—to die !

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God !  
The pilgrim's course attend,  
I will not fear the dark abode,  
To which my footsteps bend.



THE RIVER

Oh! thus, while on our path of life,  
Through sunshine or through gloom,  
Through scenes of pain or of strife,  
The end is still the same,  
And thus it is.

The child whose mighty deeds we hail,  
The monarch throned on high,  
The peasant in his native vale,  
All journey on—to die!

But if we gaze on him, my God!  
The pilgrim's course attend,  
I will not rest the day abroad,  
To which my footsteps bend.

















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